

# NORTH ANDOVER HIGH — LITES



North Andover High School   North Andover, Mass.  
JUNE 1960

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1959-60

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# NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES

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## EDITORIAL



### ... AND NOW FAREWELL

"No more papers, no more books . . . no more teachers' snooty looks," went the old chant. It seems impossible that another school year has ended, and that for some it is the climax of an important phase of life. Graduation — a word so easy to say, but an honor that takes many years of hard work and preparation. Graduation is more than a ceremony. It is an ancient tradition that begins with a stir of excitement in the air, a feeling of joyous expectancy. During the last few weeks, this grand emotion mounts higher and higher with the thrill of the Senior Banquet and the wonder of the Prom, but it finally blossoms into final flower when your name is called, you nervously rise from your chair, and go to receive a warm smile and hand shake . . . and your diploma.

You are no longer a high school student. What, then, are you?

You are someone who has passed through one of the important stages of life, and are on the threshold of another. Graduation is not an end, but the beginning of wonderful experiences and opportunities. Perhaps you are among those who are college bound to pursue a course of studies in preparation for your field. Perhaps you are one who will move directly into the working world, earning a living, and adding your abilities to the workaday population. Or maybe you are still undecided, with no definite plan, but seeking to investigate opportunities, to find a direction and organize your life. Whichever direction you may take, you have already accomplished a great deal.

The great poet Goethe said: "The destiny of any nation depends on the opinions of its young men (and women) under five-and-twenty." This means that you are the trustees of the future. Without your point of view, will, and determination we would indeed have a black future. You will be worthy upholders of your responsibilities if you have independence of thinking and the courage to be different. These qualities are the stuff of accomplishment and of maturity. Whether your accomplishments render a public achievement or a private one, you will have your own inner feeling of having done something positive in keeping with your beliefs. It is now your opportunity to set the examples — good examples that may be quoted down the corridors of time. "I dare you to have the qualities of a

Lincoln," wrote William A. Danforth. These qualities are integrity, independence, humility, a will to work, and the wit and wisdom to live a full, rich life.

Whatever you do in the end, you have yet to accomplish a great deal more than you have already experienced. For that you deserve the warmest wishes of your school, your family, and your friends.

. . . And now farewell to four wonderful years filled with memories of laughter and tears. Farewell to the "corridor rush," the familiar sounds from Room 12, and the pungent odor escaping from the chemistry laboratory. Farewell to the years of hard study and experiences that have prepared you so well to welcome the new and glorious tomorrow.

*Donna Hammond '60*



## LITERARY

### A CHARACTER I ADMIRE

A person with character is the one I admire most of all. He is usually the able body citizen who does everything for his community and lends a helping hand to whoever needs it. He acts as a big brother to the young children on his street, because when they have problems that are too embarrassing for parents to know, they go to him. He becomes the Superman or Tarzan to the littlest tots, and an idol to the girls and boys not quite in their teens. To them, there is nothing he cannot do.

This man, which we will call Tom, makes his time the neighbors' time by either playing baseball or basketball with the boys, fixing a disfigured doll for the young girl, or repairing a broken door or appliance in the house for Mom. Tom will drive a friend to the supermarket, will pick up the children from school when it is raining, and in bad weather, will stop to ask a man or woman if he or she wants a ride.

Tom loves animals—any kind. He will doctor any dog, cat, or parakeet that needs care and attention. He has many pets himself and picks up any stray dog or cat. All animals know that when they live with Tom, they could not find a better place for more gentle, loving care and kindness.

Since his heart is one of the largest and fullest there is, he has been rewarded by one of the rarest gifts. Because he gave so generously his aid to whoever needed it—human or animal, he won respect and honor.

A gift of God, in this case a gift of character, cannot be bought or sold at the nearest market; you must deserve that trait so much, that He will gladly give it to you. A person with character is the one ideal person a teenager, an adult, or a youth looks forward to being. He would want to be looked upon as a big sister or a big bro-



ther just as Tom was.

Tom will never marry. He has a heart filled with too much love for caring and wanting only one thing. It just seems that he loves everyone and everyone loves him. Many individuals wish to have the life he has. When the beloved man departs from this world, many tears will be shed, and there will always be much talk of Tom—the handyman.

*Janice Kasparian*

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### PASSING OF TIME

The old house is ready to fall apart. Its ramshackle appearance gives it a woeful, hurt look. The wind slams the creaking shutters back and forth while the cold night air whistles evilly through the many broken windows. The shingles are broken off in places and they give the house a shabby, forlorn appearance. The steps are cracked and chipped, the door sways to and fro on its one and only hinge. The foundation is gradually crumbling away, while the mice scurry in and out of their little run-down kingdom. The whole house shakes as the ramshackle building fights against destruction. The new, shiny, white home of warmth and genial glow is now just—an old house ready to fall apart.

Suzanne Phaneuf *English 1 - 1*

The old house is ready to fall apart. The roof is sure to cave in with the drop of a pin or from the weight of an icicle hanging from it in the winter. The once sturdy chimney is already gone. The great white columns, used to hold up the front of the house, are peeled, chipped and cracked so that the pressure of a person leaning gently against one of them would make the house frontless. The windows are broken and the shutters that are left hang on one hinge. The cute little porch that once led to the back door has long since been torn down and built up again as a tree house for the neighborhood boys. The house that was once proud and looked up to is now sad and forlorn for age has caught up with it, and soon it will stand no more.

Arlene Johnson *English 1 - 1*

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### TRAPPED !

The barn was a welcome oasis in the desert of snow wildly blowing that dark, December night. Gib Meredith had rushed out the cabin door in anger, leaving his partner's frantic warnings to fade, unheard, into the moaning wind. After stumbling through two-foot drifts for more than a mile, the old Wilson barn had loomed out of the darkness like a fortress of safety in the shadows.

As he sank down into the semi-darkness of the barn, a hideous, blood-curdling howl pierced the silence. He jumped to his feet in spite of his weariness and a million thoughts crossed his mind in a mad chaos. What was that—that thing? Words to describe it would not come to him. Never, in all his years of trapping, had he heard the like.

It was then he made his mistake. Opening the door, he peered through the whirling flakes, trying to see just exactly who this other fugitive of the storm was. Suddenly, like a nightmare, it was in front of him; teeth bared, fangs drooling, eyes rolling. As the wolf started

to advance, Gib, never more frightened, backed towards the wall; slowly, oh so slowly. All his training was lost to his thoughts; to be confronted with a wild beast and without his gun was a situation he had never experienced.

Closer, closer the wolf came. Cold sweat broke out on Gib's forehead as he remembered what the warning had been. He had only caught a thread of it; kill or wolf or something. Killer wolf! That was it! Why, oh why hadn't he listened to Jim?!

The wolf was ready for the attack and in position to spring. Now or never, Gib thought as he made a mad dash for the open door. Too late. The wolf sprang and Gib found himself desperately trying to get free. A thrash of the wolf's paw caught him in the forehead and he reeled blindly. He fell and at once the wolf was on him, again sinking his teeth into the flesh.

As the two grappled, neither heard the far-off sounding voice that said, "Gib! Gib, where are you?" Jim had followed him, determined not to let the sun set on his anger.

When he got to the barn and rushed to the door, the struggle was over. One of the combatants had been struck the fatal blow. Which one was it? Jim and I and the victor know. Do you?

*Diana DeLisle*

\* \* \*

### PLACE OF FREEDOM

Young Anna Pilsudski and her brother Wilhelm sat huddled together in a roped-off section of a great railroad station in New York. Most of the people hurrying by so intently didn't take time to look at them. But now and then someone would glance at the sign, "Reserved for Displaced Persons," and then at the people sitting there. Anna became aware suddenly of the difference between the people seated under the sign and those who passed by. It was more than the way they were dressed. Anna and Wilhelm and the others had a cautious, hunted look and they were haggard from mental strain and sleepless nights.

Anna did not feel bitter about her experiences. She was as frightened as anyone and as homesick, but she was not bitter. She remembered what they had escaped and was thankful. But Wilhelm! She stole a glance at him beside her and saw the fierce resentment in his eyes and in the tight set of his lips. He thought they were being treated like animals, herded this way and then that, fed and bedded down like cattle in a stall; unknowing, confused, and frightened, they sat waiting for something to happen, some other person to come and give them orders and direct them to do this or that.

It was not that anyone was really angry at the Americans. Many times they had all thanked God for this refuge. But in the years of suffering and hunger and fear, there had been built up in their minds a resentment against everything — a bitterness against life itself. Everything was wrong, everything was cruel. They had seemed caught in a trap of privation,, fear and cruelty.



Even here in this railroad station in America's largest city, Anna found herself remembering what had happened to them. The memories were as fresh as though it had all occurred yesterday. Often, especially at night, she would feel again the ache of cramped muscles and smell the musty air at the bottom of that woodpile where she and Wilhelm and their parents had been concealed day after day.

They had been traveling at night from one small town to another, avoiding the cities. They had a list of families which might be friendly to them and hide them from the authorities. Their longest stay was with a family of a deacon of a small Estonian church. First they hid in the attic, but rumors came that every house would be searched from top to bottom. A safer hiding place had to be found.

Finally the deacon decided upon the woodpile in the back yard. Late one night he took them there and shifted a part of the woodpile so that it covered them. Since the sticks of wood were placed helter skelter on top of each other, there were enough cracks left to admit air, but by the time they had been there an hour, the air grew dark, musty, disagreeable. Their muscles began to ache and cramp so severely they bit their lips to keep from crying out.

The deacon knew that his house was being watched now at least part of the time. So he didn't dare to go to them more than once in twenty-four hours. Late at night he could slip out, uncover them for a few moments and give them something to eat.

The secret police came often now without warning. At any time of the day or night, would come the heavy knock upon the door and the gutteral, "Open up or we'll break down the door." And the house would be searched carefully every closet, under every bed, in the attic, in the cellar, in trunks. The walls were tapped over and over again to discover any false partitions.

Something had gone wrong. Somewhere there had been a leak. The deacon wondered who had reported his home. Not that he felt (bitterness) or suspicion, for he had heard of the tortures the authorities inflicted to make people talk.

However it happened, something had caused the secret police to become suspicious. Time after time the police would walk past the woodpile as they searched the yards and outbuildings. The refugees would try not to breathe when they heard the heavy steps go past. Once a policeman sat down to rest on the woodpile directly above Wilhelm. The strain grew almost too much to bear. In order to choke back the sobs of fear that seemed ready to burst from him, Wilhelm bit into his ragged-sleeved arm.

In the railroad station there was a sudden scraping noise behind them. Anna leaped up from her seat and whirled in terror to face the sound. She reddened with embarrassment as she saw it was only a janitor tidying up the place. Still trembling she sank back on her

seat. Those bad days seemed so close. While she had been reliving their experiences beneath the woodpile she had forgotten that she was in America, in the city of refuge, the place of safety, of which they had dreamed for so long. It still seemed too good to be true that there was no secret police, that the night would be a time of rest and not of fear.

*Anonymous*

\* \* \* \*

### TO A SOLDIER BOY

God bless you, my soldier boy  
 May your wishes be fulfilled  
 May your heart be never broken  
 Or your cup of fortune spilled.  
 You once broke my heart  
 Such a short time ago  
 And I know you don't love me  
 Though I hoped it was so.  
 But still you'r so wonderful  
 And deserve so many things  
 I hope that happiness will come  
 To you on golden wings.  
 No I can't have you  
 Though my love for you is true  
 But I say I hope you'll find joy with someone new.

*Anonymous*

\* \* \* \*

### GONE

Gone are the foot ball games that were to us so dear.  
 Gone are the chants and songs we all used to cheer.  
 Gone are the words, "You have detention," the words we used to fear.  
 Gone are the pep talks and speeches that we all did hear.  
 Gone are the classes we dreaded, when we didn't study for a test.  
 Gone are the cafeteria study halls, which gave the teachers no rest.  
 Gone are the unusual days when a student brought a guest.  
 Gone are the many moments that we all remember best.  
 Gone are the teachers that helped us, the teachers who were so true.  
 Gone are the carefree high school days, for a venture that is new.  
 Farewell, North Andover High School, farewell, farewell, to you.  
 Au revoir to our Alma Mater, we bid you a "Fond Adieu."

*Richard Smith '60*

\* \* \* \*

Veni, Vidi, Vici  
 (I came, I saw, I conquered)

The sun was shining through the entwined limbs of the trees above my head, leaving a few scattered patches of sunlight on the ground behind me. Summoning all my courage, I slowly, very slowly, lowered my foot into the murky depths below. A tingling thrill ran up my spine as my foot struck against objects unknown . . .

Finally it sunk to the bottom and became enveloped in mud. I shuddered and did the same with my other foot.



I slowly moved forward cautiously placing my feet before me. Wearily I looked around, but it wasn't in sight.

Suddenly I heard a loud screeching noise, and I moved back quickly, tripping over something which seemed to claw and scratch at me viciously. I screamed and fell into the dark, forbidding depths, clutching at a slimy object dangling above me.

I pulled myself to my tortured feet, and grappling wildly at the slithering things surrounding me, I dragged myself forward.

Walking was not easy, as I kept slipping on unidentified objects beneath the mud. But I was making progress—and I still had hope.

My place of entrance was not visible now, and I had no idea of where I was going. Suddenly, without warning, I was surrounded by a veil of darkness. I fumbled wildly about for a few seconds, and sharp spear-like objects cruelly pierced my face and body continuously.

I stumbled forward, then stopped momentarily. I could not see it.

I was nervous now, my hands were shaking, and my head kept tumbling about in circles. My mind could not function, and my nervous system was frayed to the edges.

But instinct, or perhaps it was fear, urged me on, and I somehow managed to propell myself forward.

I lurched across a hidden obstacle, and fell to my knees in the muck. As I wearily rose, I summoned one last bit of strength and plunged blindly forward.

Just as suddenly as it came, so did the veil of darkness leave—and two days of Iowa Aptitude tests were over.

*Katherine Morris 1 - 1*

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## LEOTARDS VS. LOAFERS

I have known Anastacia since I was six, and nobody understands her true self better than I do. Take it from me no one was less suited for the beat generation than she was. But I'm confusing you by getting ahead of myself, so I'll begin at the beginning.

The changes began last September. It was a beautiful Saturday morning and I was waiting for Anastacia's customary visit. For the last eleven years she has ambled over to my house at approximately 10 A.M. every Saturday morning. Well, anyway, 10 A.M. rolled around, and Anastacia did not. By noon I had reached a point of frenzy. At 12:30 she finally showed up. She just strode into the house and acted as if everything was normal. I was just ready to pounce on her when I saw it. She looked the same, sounded the same, I can't explain it; she was just different.

I kept this feeling to myself all weekend. But when we walked to school on Monday she *was* different—this time you could see it. She was dressed entirely in black. All the way to school she said nothing. I knew something was wrong for she was always babbling about some boy. Things stayed this way all week. On Saturday I expected her to be late, but she didn't show up at all, I began to worry so I called her that night. She answered in a ghastly, *sauve-sounding* voice, mentioning nothing of the afternoon, but she asked me to come over. I practically flew over, for the suspense was killing me.

Mrs. Foucault told me Anastacia was in her room. I was little prepared for the shock I was to find when I opened the door. The room was quiet and dim, the furniture pushed back, blending in with the shadows. Anastacia was contorted in some Yoga position listening to a 33 long-playing Beethoven symphony being played at 78. She wore an outfit consisting of a leotard and leo-tights. She wore heavy make-up which looked even weirder under the dim lights. I broke the dead silence. "You look just like a-a beatnick!" That did it, Anastacia snapped to her feet, pointed at the door, and responded "Go!" I went.

My feelings were hurt but I figured this act was crazy so I slowly forgot about her. Then one day after my Christmas vacation was over, Anastacia called and asked me if I would like to go on a double-date with her and John. "Who was John?" I asked curiously.

"He's the most—Carole—the very most." She sounded very pre-beatnick, so before I knew it, I had accepted. When they picked me up that night Anastacia was dressed in a neat madras skirt, woolly white sweater, knee socks, and loafers. "Anastacia, I—you."

"I know, Carole, she said. John hates beatniks. Now I've gone Ivy League!"

Carol-lee Andrew '60

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## ARE THE ODDS "TOO" HIGH?

Most of us never seem to consider to any great extent what may be happening on our own world. Some of us dream of distant planets being conquered by mankind; then, again, some of us just dream of some probable life on other unknown worlds. But what is most surprising is the fact that we don't do so much dreaming of our own world. The only time we do think of it is when we read in the papers where people have sighted strange, unidentified flying objects. Here we fear the threat of invasion from some strange world, but why worry about something that's beyond our comprehension? There have been reports on our planet that a subterranean race of people live in the frozen waste of the Antarctic. These facts were confirmed by a noted explorer in the book, *The Land Beyond The Poles*, who descended into a large crevice, free of all ice, in an airplane.

This may sound a bit ridiculous to you or any one else for that fact, but in the Bible it states that the world will someday end by fire. It also states that the world soon after was going to be occupied by some race of people that live near the center of the earth. They are, by description, supposed to resemble humanoid figures. But this isn't even the half of it. I believe that the reported sightings of unidentified objects have something definitely related with the future of the earth. These objects must be watching the very movement of most of us. They must, however, be watching us for one reason. They must be watching us destroy ourselves with the use of atomic weapons. They know that we are a warring people and have been since the dawn of man and will probably continue being so until we annihilate ourselves. When we do this they will also settle on



this planet and no one will stop them. It could be called victory without force.

If we had the chance to stop this great threat, we would have to sacrifice much in order to do so. And if we do succeed (there is much optimism in my mind on this issue) the world will definitely benefit by it. It would place the earth in a new scientific era — Brother helping brother. We might even advance to the point where the so-called hidden invaders won't dare to attack. But as I have said this, I have used the term "if" many times and it's an awfully large word, awfully large.

*Alfred Boush Eng. 3 - 3*

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## THE SKELETON IN OUR PAST

America often speaks of its fair dealings with people, but has America observed this attitude in the past?

Long ago when the buffalo and the true Americans, the Indians, roamed the vast continent which is now America, there was contentment among them. Unlike the stories on television the Indians were not at first a savage, warlike people. They never knew what a horse was until the first was brought to America by the Spaniards. The Indians were a nomadic race who moved freely and built temporary homes for shelter. In all history there was only one attack on a stage coach by Indians, and even then they were easily driven off.

When the white man began to invade the Indian's homeland and push them back, they moved. These white invaders killed the buffalo by the thousands, leaving their bodies to rot upon the plains. The Indians began to starve. They had depended almost entirely upon the buffalo for food, clothing, and crude implements.

They tried to defend their homes and families, but for every dwelling they destroyed, three more were built to take its place. They had waited too long to act and were steadily driven back, being killed, or starving, until finally those who survived, were put on reservations, confined like animals. The reservations were not fit for rats to live in. They were not fertile enough for farming nor good enough for raising cattle.

To add insult to irreparable injury the Dawes Act was passed, which provided for the conferring of citizenship upon the Indians, who were in truth the only citizens in America. Thus the real Americans were forced out of their homes and pushed to one side. The white men finally got their grasping hands on the rich natural resources, farming and grazing lands, free and clear, but the Indians have never received full payment for their losses.

It is well for Americans to remember our skeleton; to remember that we are not a perfect nation. America was obtained by aggression upon a peaceful people, a people who were exploited under a pretext of help in developing their country, by the whites who wanted their land and wealth and who took what they wanted by force:—an aggressive America.

*Carol Murphy English 3 - 3*







# TALK OF THE SCHOOL

## AN EVENING IN GAY PARIS

A magical evening was enjoyed by the members of the Junior and Senior Classes and their dates on the night of June 10 at the Junior-Senior Prom. They danced in the Gym, decorated in exquisite blues to the music of Ken Reeves. The Prom's theme, "An Evening In Paris," was skillfully carried out by the members of the 1960 Prom Committee. After an eve of dancing, concluded with the Grand March, the students enjoyed a scrumptious dinner at the beautiful Hill-View Country Club in North Reading, Massachusetts.

W. F. R.

On Thursday, May 12, 1960, Miss Janet Stephenson had the privilege of representing North Andover High School at the Boston College Junior Seminar. Miss Stephenson was accompanied to the college by Mr. Thomas Powers, Mr. Alvah Hayes, and two fellow students, Miss Joyce Berube, and Miss Patricia Janco.

The Following is a speech presented by Miss Stephenson:

\* \* \* \*

## WHY I LIKE TO LIVE AND WORK IN MASSACHUSETTS

Reverend Fathers, Sisters, Dr. Curtin, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Students:

I deem it a great honor to have the privilege of speaking before you this afternoon. I feel I am not qualified to talk on the subject selected in its entirety since I have not as yet had the responsibility of working. However, as a high school student in the process of preparing myself for a college education, I feel I am in the position of having to take a realistic view of the potentialities offered in Massachusetts as compared to other sections of the country to find the best training to prepare myself for the future. In doing so, I am proud to say that I can find no other section, which for me personally, offers as much as our own state.

I hope to continue in the field of science, and here in the Bay State I find opportunity unlimited depending upon my own initiative in obtaining a college education. There are eighty-eight accepted institutions of higher learning in this state with an enrollment of 125,921. From such renowned colleges as Boston College, Harvard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Holy Cross, Boston University, and many others there emerge each year scientists, technicians, and engineers who are ready to accept the challenge of the business world because of the training acquired in these fine schools.

To be accepted in college today, one must have a solid back-



ground of elementary and secondary schooling acquired at the hands of a highly trained teaching personnel. To cite an example of the high level of training received in this state, I would like to point to our current class in the study of United States History. One class was selected as an experimental group and the year's work was to be on the same level as that of a college freshman and sophomore class. This class was set up in conjunction with two of our better known colleges in Massachusetts. Our start was poor, to say the least, as the class average was only forty plus points in the first examination. However, under stimulation of our teacher and with more application to the work by the students, I am pleased to say that the class average on our last examination was above eighty. The point I am trying to make is that because of this training, I feel that when the time comes for college board examinations we will be in a much better position to receive a good grade than students from other sections of the country who have not received such a high level of preparation.

From the college level in one's life, he or she looks for the opportunities to be found in the business world of his or her choice. We have all read and in some cases still read of the adverse conditions a business would encounter should it wish to establish itself in Massachusetts. An article recently published by the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston brought most forcibly to my mind the reason why this opinion has arisen. One paragraph stated, "The attitudes of businessmen outside an area are never likely to be more favorable to that area than the attitudes of the people within." Most of the blame for this negative attitude and erroneous thinking rests on the shoulders of our own citizens who continually grumble about the industrial aspects of this area when in reality it is in a good prosperous condition.

The migration of the textile industry from Massachusetts to the South created a temporary period of unemployment and misgivings for some of our citizens who had had training only in the textile trades. This picture was completely transformed by the advent of our enormous electronics corporations moving in and building modern plants in Massachusetts. One small example of this can be seen along Route # 128, the so-called "Electronics Highway." Along this highway are modern buildings costing one hundred and forty million dollars. Since 1958, forty-nine new firms have gone into operation employing upwards of fifty thousand people with another nineteen buildings in the process of being built or about to be built. The electronics industry in our state is now a billion and a quarter dollars a year industry with seven hundred plants employing more than one hundred thousand workers. These new concerns with their highly skilled executives would never have ventured into Massachusetts if the picture as painted by some pessimists in regards of our so-called business problems was true. A factor in helping us to gain new industries is the availability of an excellent labor market. Although Massachusetts ranks forty-fifth in area in the United States, she ranks ninth in population. She has a climate suitable for working, a good highway system for an easy access to market, no water problems, and a sound tax structure.

I could continue to discuss many other assets of Massachusetts such as the traditional landmarks that tourists travel many miles to



see, but I realize that the time allotted to me has expired. Therefore, in conclusion, I would like to thank those responsible for granting me the privilege of addressing you this afternoon and I hope that I have been successful in giving my views on why I think I would like to live and work in Massachusetts.

*Janet Stephenson, History 3 - 1*

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## MORE PRAISE FOR A DESERVING PROJECT

It was announced at the Spring assembly that North Andover High School had received a citation and an award from the State Department of Education and the Massachusetts Secondary School Principal's Association for the film on student life in the high school, "A Step Toward The Future."

Mr. John Gianoulis of the State Department of Education made the presentation at the May 18th assembly to Mr. Hayes, who accepted it on behalf of the student body and especially those students and teachers who made the film. Mr. Gianoulis extended the commendation and congratulations of the two agencies to the school in winning their citizenship in action award for young people who show particular interest in assuming their civic and social responsibilities in their communities. This citation is presented for "significant service in the community" and dedication to the idea that "responsibility is the price of freedom."

Through a grant from the Sears Roebuck Foundation, the citation and books, given to the school library, were made possible. The books were a two-volume set of Marshall Davidson's "Life In America."

In a recent edition of the Boston Herald Traveller, extensive photographs and a report and comments on the making of the film were featured. Also, in a publication published by the Massachusetts Teacher's Association, a detailed report on the film, written by Mr. Robinson of our faculty, was printed. This article described the project from its planning and development stages to its final completion and premiere.

The film was produced under the guidance of Mr. Robinson and Mr. McDonald. The students who worked on it are John O'Brien and Mike Broderick, both of whom graduated in 1959; Ellie Stang, Donna Hammond, John Strobel and Bill Rock, all present seniors; Sidne Lewis, presently a senior at Masconomet Regional High; and John Thompson and Doug Wilson, juniors. The film has been shown about 20 times to organizations and to eighth grade students since its completion late in December.

*W. F. R.*

\* \* \*

## ON WINGS OF SONG

Spring was ushered in on wings of song at the annual Spring Concert, presented by the Music Department, May 13 in the Veteran's Memorial Auditorium. The Grammar School Chorus under the direction of C. Weston Noyes, Assistant Music Supervisor, began the program. Then came selections by the Junior Band under the

direction if Mr. Mosher, Music Supervisor. One of the high-lights of the evening was the High School Boy's Chorus which began their segment of the program with Romberg's rollicking "Stouthearted Men." Two other selections were taken from American folk songs. They were "Goodbye Ol' Paint" and "De Animals A-Comin," a negro spiritual. Their last two numbers were "Swinging On A Star" and "Donkey Serenade."

With professional precision the High School Band began with the catchy air of John Phillip Sousa's "Washington Post March." Their other selections included "The Enchanted Lake Overture," "Academica" by Brahms, "Colonial Rhapsody," "Penny Whistle Song," "Il Bacio Waltz" and the "W. M. B. March" by Hall.

Next came the High School Girl's Chorus. They began with "As Torrents In Summer" by Elgar. Their next selection was "Pie Jesu" from Faure's beautifully written religious piece, "The Requiem." Other pieces, wonderfully performed were "The Chestnut Tree" by Schumann, "Somewhere A Child Is Singing," "Tutu Mar-amba," a Brazilian lullaby and selections from the famous musical show, "Brigadoon."

For the last section of the program the Junior and Senior High School Bands combined to give a thrilling climax to a wonderful evening's entertainment. They began with Olivadoti's "Festival Of Youth." Next, "Lord, Thou Of My Heart," a chorale by J. S. Bach, filled the auditorium with serene and majestic music. Purcell's glorious "Trumpet Voluntary" was heard after that. Following came the Second Movement of Haydn's Symphony in G Major, more commonly known as "The Surprise Symphony," and as a superb and magnificent finale, the bands presented "The Trisgian March" by Losey-Seredy.

W. F. R.

\* \* \*

## NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK PROVES TO BE ADVENTUROUS AND REWARDING

The High School English and French Departments conducted essay contests in conjunction with Reverend Clinton Carvell, Chairman of National Library Week in North Andover. The prizes for English Essays, awarded after being judged by the English Department of Brook's School were as follows:

First Prize—Mary Moore '63 for her essay on Homer.

Second Prize — Linda Cohen '60, for her essay, "Adventures In Books."

Third Prize—Mildred Minardi '60, for an essay, "A Character Who Impressed Me."

The essays written in French were judged by teachers in the French Department of Brook's School who awarded the following prizes:

First Prize—Harald Damerow '60, "Le Nom Secret" par Lin Yutang.

Second Prize—Donna Hammond '60, "L'influence Des Livres Sur Nous."

Third Prize—William Rock '60, "Le Saint Parmi Les Hurons" par Francois Talbot, S. J.



Also, three senior girls took part in a panel discussion on the Saturday Forum of the Air over Station WCCM. Linda Crane spoke on Hemmingway's "For Whom The Bells Toll." Gerry DeFusco talked of Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" and Ruth Pinaud discussed "The Day Christ Died" by Jim Bishop.

W. F. R.

\* \* \* \*

### THE BAND PROUDLY PRESENTS

The "Annual Spring Concert" under the capable direction of Mr. Clarence Mosher and Mr. Weston Noyes was presented Friday, May 13, with great success. Those who attended this delightful night of music were assured of the excellent work done by our "High School Band" and chorus and also, the Junior Band which is making it's mark, as future high school bandsmen. A selected chorus from our eighth graders, in the elementary schools also added to the evening's entertainment.

\* \* \* \*

### CONGRATS! FELLOW BANDSMEN, WEAR THEM IN GOOD HEALTH!

The performance of our high school band was warmly received, by the student body of "Pentucket Regional High" who graciously invited our band to perform for them.

On May 7, the band members and majorettes were accompanied by Mr. Mosher and Mr. Noyes; they attended the "Annual New England Music Festival" which was held in Woburn, Mass. Rewarding results of this festivity have since been reported to the North Andover Music Dept., from the officials of the Music Festival.

Fine work kids! And a special big Fan-Fare for our directors Mr. Mosher and Mr. Noyes. We have kept a busy schedule. BUT! Let's make 1960-1961 a BIGGER and BETTER year for the NORTH ANDOVER HIGH SCHOOL BAND!

*Carole Jean Campione*

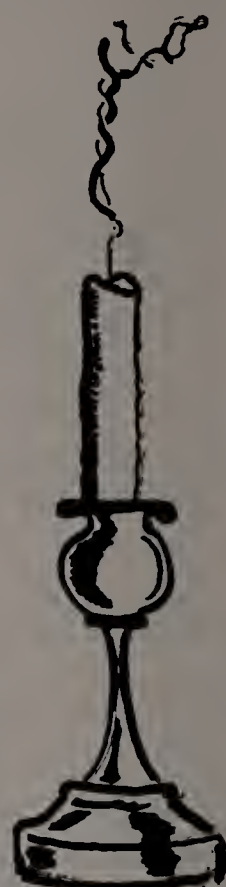
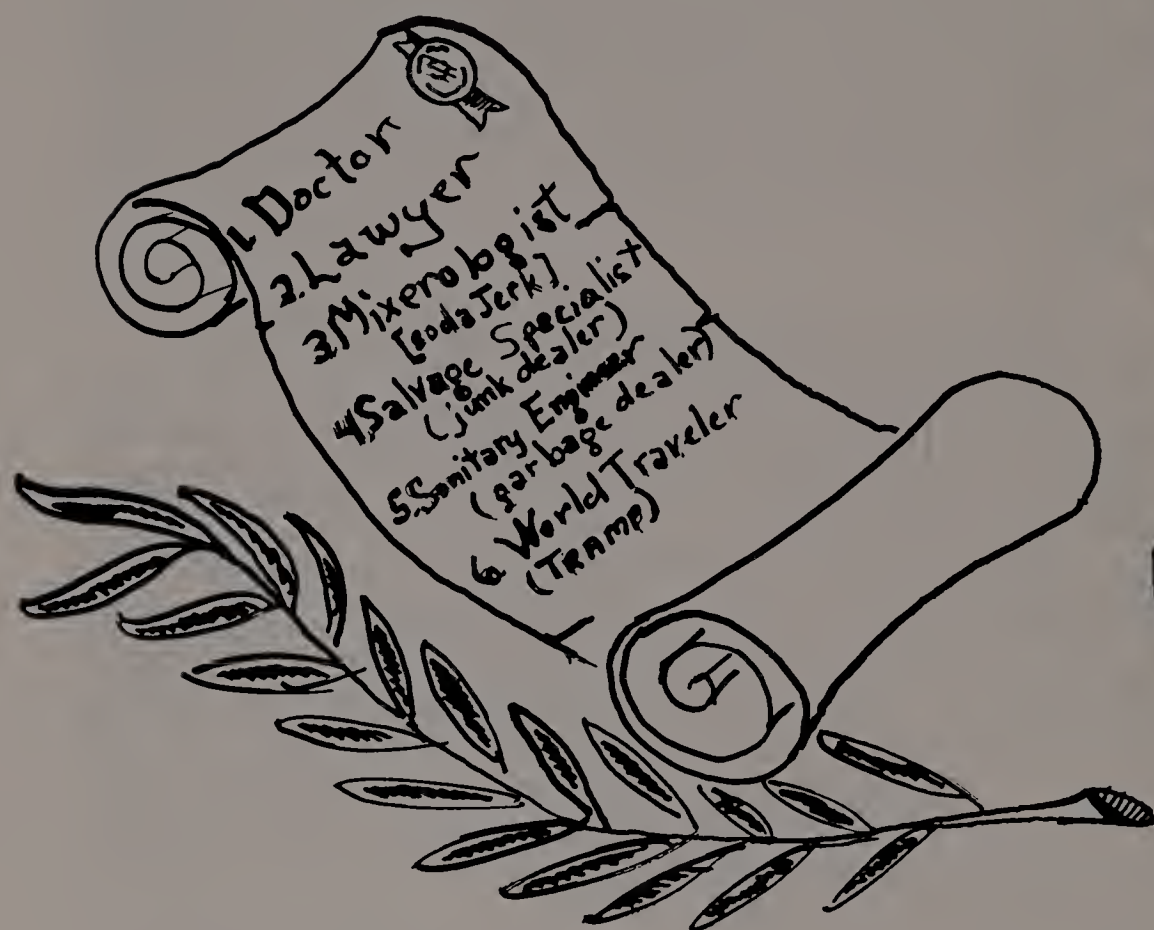
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### GONE BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN

A brilliant and inspiring career of service and guidance to the youth of North Andover will come to a close with the termination of the school year in June. A wonderful woman will relinquish her position in the North Andover School system to enjoy a hard-earned and fully deserved retirement. I am speaking of Miss Irene E. Cook whose unselfish dedication to youth has inspired and has become a model to ourselves, the present students of North Andover High School, and many before us. To a remarkable woman, scholar, and teacher we can give nothing better than a sincere and grateful "Thank you and God bless you" for her help given in many ways during our years of High School. We will cherish many rich and satisfying memories of Miss Cook and the lessons we have learned under her guidance. Hard lessons, many of them, but then, life is hard. We hope that she will enjoy many more full, rich and rewarding years and we are confident that she will not be forgotten, but rather remembered and cherished by the many students and teachers who pass through the doors of North Andover High School.

W. F. R.

# Goals We've Planned Ahead



John King '60"

## MEMORIES

Why should a trip to the school cafeteria one day make a lasting imprint on my mind? It was during my junior year in high school when the seniors had completed the decoration of the cafeteria for their class banquet. In a commanding fashion across the walls in large and brightly colored letters was their class motto: "The Past Forever Gone—The Future Still Our Own." It was this proverb that made a trip to the cafeteria a memorable impact on my life.

It awoke me to the fact that in one more year I would leave North Andover High School with its teachers and friends, all of whom have been such a basic and essential part of my life. The nostalgic years of high school, warm, gay, swift, and, aside from a few minor heartbreaks, the most carefree days of my life would be fond memories, faded reminiscences of brisk autumn days at football games, of the exhilarating afternoons spent after school for cheering practice, of the acrid odor of the chemistry room, of the slamming of locker doors, of report cards, of the Christmas tree in the main lobby, of the Tech Tourney, of dances, parties, and dearest of all — my friends.



Now that I am ready to graduate, the proverb assumes a deeper significance. "The Past Forever Gone" besides standing for memories is synonymous with the hope that my four years of high school have been used to the fullest, and that my experiences will serve most assuredly as a foundation to the "Future, Still My Own.,,"

*Gerry DeFusco*

\* \* \* \*

## THE FRESHMAN CLASS

On April 9, 1960 the freshman class of North Andover High School went on a field trip.

At 8:45 the students of Mr. Robinson's science classes were boarding chartered busses to Danver's Nike site.

On arrival, the science students were shown informative movies of the missiles, so they could better appreciate the missile tour. Students saw, by stages, the missiles until, at last, on the launching pad. The "Ajah" missile was the object of many questions and much conversation.

The students were guided through the power station, radar look-outs, the control rooms, and numerous other aspects of the Army base were shown to us.

After dinner the students were of their leisure to further tour the base or buy souvenirs at the P. X.

The students arrived home early in the afternoon all feeling they had been the object of an extremely well run and pleasant trip.

*Darlene Richards*

\* \* \*

## OUR NEW P. T. S. A.

On May 25, 1960 in Veterans Hall, North Andover High School, the first official meeting of the Parent Teacher Student Association was held.

Officers were elected as follows: Mrs. C. Kasperian, President; Mr. John Robinson, Vice President; Mrs. Marion Grossman, Secretary; Mr. D. O'Leary, Treasurer; Mr. James McDonald, Parliamentarian.

Student members are: Freshman, John Campbell; Sophomore, Robert Friis; Junior, Charles Vose; Senior, Margaret Cairns.

Adults and students alike were present. There was an opportunity for all present to become members of this worthy organization.

After the meeting adjourned, refreshments were served in the cafeteria.

*Darlene Richards*

\* \* \*

## BAND AND CHORUS

On Wednesday, May 18 we had the pleasure of attending an assembly presented by several talented students from Pentucket Regional High School. The groups which participated were the Capella choir and the band.

May 24 our band, girls' chorus and boys' chorus went to Pentucket to perform for them. Our students found the Pentucket student body a receptive, enthusiastic audience and are looking forward to having another exchange program next year.

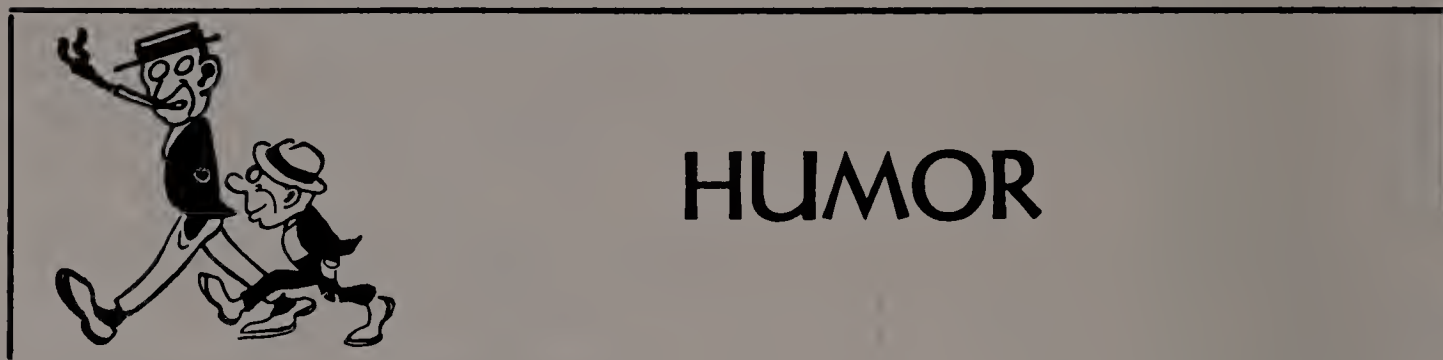
*Judith Duda*

## FRENCH STUDENTS TURN PLAYWRITERS

Once a month four students from Miss Consoli's French 2-2 class become playwrites. First term the boys and girls choose a topic they would enjoy writing about. Then a date was selected for the premier of these productions. The plays were produced, directed and staged in French. All the scripts were original and very well done. The topics were, A Basketball Game, A Shopping Spree, A French Restaurant, A Movie, and At The Garage. The last of these productions will be staged in June.

This new idea is not only educational and practical in French usage but also it is an interesting and new addition to the class.

*Mary Griffin*



Bill: "I Suppose you've heard the joke about the Roof?"

Jill: "No, can't say I have."

Bill: "That's just as well. It's over your head."

Student: "I hear that fish is brain food."

Roomate: "Yeah, I eat it all the time."

Student: "Another theory disproved."

Two women were preparing to board an airliner. One of them turned to the pilot and said, "Now, please, don't travel faster than sound. We want to talk."

Hotel Page: "Telegram for Mr. Neidspondiavanci, Mr. Neidspondiavanci!"

Mr. Neidspondiavanci: "What initials, please?"

Question: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"

Answer: "The night before examination."

Freddy Freshman: "Do these stairs take you to the second floor?"

Sassy Sophomore: "No, you'll have to walk."

"Look here, Richard," the girl said reproachfully, "you wouldn't by any chance marry me for my money would you?" Richard replied absent-mindedly: "Not if there was any other way to get it."

Money is so tight it is becoming as hard to get into debt as it is to get out of it.———*Lincoln V. Clarion*

"Mother, what should I do? George says he fell in love with me at first sight."

"Marry him before he takes another look."———*Tulsa Topics*

Never ask a candidate for office if the election was conducted fairly until after the votes have been counted.———*Westlake Bugle*



He: "Gosh, you must like to hear yourself talk."

She: "I do, I do, I want to hear what I'm going to say next."

*Barracks Bugle*

After a lapse of ten years, two old friends met. "Sorry to hear that your wife took everything you had and left, pal."

"Oh, she didn't leave." ————— *Westlake Bugle*

"Mama, what's a cloverleaf?"

"That's a crossroads puzzle." ————— *Quaker Campus*

A sign in the showroom of a foreign car dealer reads: "We give demonstration rides in your living room." ————— *Coronet*

Experience is what permits you to make the same mistake again without getting caught. ————— *Coronet*

### Daffynitions

Alibi: The legal way of proving that a man was not at a place where he really was.

Circle: A round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Coal: A purchase which goes not only to the buyer but to the dealer.

Cookbook: Contains many stirring chapters.

Depth: Height turned upside down.

Indistinct: Where people put the dirty dishes.

### Poetry

Hair's a mess!  
 Shirt just hangs!  
 Posture looks like  
 A Boomerang's.  
 Fingernails chewed!  
 Feet Black-and-Blued—  
 Prom was last night!

### Big Baby

A baffling parental problem,  
 A sequence unforeseen,  
 How to get the baby to sleep,  
 After she's eighteen!

She: "Sometimes my father takes things apart to see why they don't go."

He: "So what?"

She: "So you'd better go."

Salary is an amount of money that no matter how large it is some people spend more than.

One nice thing about being a man is that you don't have to kiss someone who hasn't shaved for two days.

Definitions:

Home Movies: The strange views people take of things.

Atmosphere: What the quaint little eating place uses instead of fresh air.

Soap Opera: Corn on the sob.

T. V. Spectacular: The bill you get from the repairman.

Graduate to Professor: I am indebted to you for all I know.

Professor: Oh, don't mention such a trifle.

News Item in a School Paper: "Mr. Brown visited the school yesterday and lectured on destructive pests. — A large number were present.

Don't Borrow Trouble — Borrow Money — Trouble will come later.



## EXCHANGES

*"Swampscotta," Swampscott High School.*

### The Homework Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes the start of the nights occupation,  
That is known as the Homework Hour.\*

I hear from the bureau beside me,  
The music of Elvis and Rick,  
The sound of a radio playing,  
The voices that sometimes sound sick.

In my study I see in the lamplight,  
Arranged on my desk piled high,  
Dull English, and puzzling Latin,  
And algebra often so dry.

A sudden wish to escape it,  
A sudden rush to the hall!  
But back I come to commence it;  
What if my marks should fall!

I climb up into my work chair,  
With sandwich and cookies in hand;  
A glass of milk and some candy,  
Help lead me to find Homework Land.

Don't you know, O'tiresome subjects,  
Because you have troubled for years,  
Such a bleary-eyed student as I am,  
Can't attack you with gladness and cheers?

I now work harder and harder;  
The time is going fast.  
I think of the T. V. I'm missing,  
I hear the radio blast.

At last it's finally finished;  
Certainly it was not play,  
I now can relax and get rested—  
Tomorrow's another day!

\* or three or four



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